

COMMUNITY SING

City Park Stadium

July 4th, 1915

2 to 4 p. m.



Band Concert 2 to 2:30 and 4 to 4:30 p. m.
in the Park

7 to 8 p. m. in front of County Court House

PROGRAM

Mayor Fred J. Johnson Presiding

- 1—Haga's Band.
- 2—Song "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."
- 3—Invocation Rev. Jno. F. Waters
- 4—Selection by the Larkin Society.
- 5—Song "Nearer My God to Thee."
- 6—Song "Battle Hymn of the Republic."
- 7—Address J. M. Anderson
- 8—Selection by the Apollo Club.
- 9—Song "Auld Lang Syne."
- 10—Marching by Y. M. C. A. Boys.
- 11—Song "Star Spangled Banner."
- 12—Song "America."

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENT

Mayor Fred J. Johnson, Chairman.
Harry L. Markell, Secretary.
G. A. Pauling,
Gearhart Larson
E. B. Hughes,
J. Snell.

HYMN CORONATION

1

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

HYMN—BETHANY

1
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

2
Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, My God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

3
Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

4
Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

1
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage, where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loos'd the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Chorus

Glory, glory hallelujah! Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah; His truth is marching on.

2
I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damp;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps!
His truth is marching on.

3
In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea;
With a glory in His bosom, that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free;
While God is marching on.

AULD LANG SYNE

1
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be for-got,
And days o' auld lang syne.

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne;
Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And days o' auld lang syne.

2
We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered many a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

3
We twa ha'e paid-let in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER

1

O say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilights last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air!
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!

Full Chorus;

O, say, does the star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, And the home of the brave.

2

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists o'er the deep,
Where the foes haughty hosts in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;

Full Chorus;

'Tis the star spangled banner! oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

3

Oh, thus be it ever when free men shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer, we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust,"

Full Chorus.

And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, And the home of the brave.

AMERICA

(All Standing)

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee I sing
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!